

Butterfly Kisses by [talesfromthesnogbox](#)

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Summary:

Mike helps show El how beautiful her hair really is. Based off the tumblr prompt from puzzlingsnark for "Mike and butterfly clips" hope you enjoy dearie!

Butterfly Kisses

Author's Note:

Hey everyone! I promised this one would be shorter than the other prompts I've written because I know I've written a LOT of long ones recently. I hope you enjoy this cute little slice of life bit! Oh and happy late Canada Day to all my fellow Canadian Mileven fans ^.^

It was no secret that Mike loved El's hair. He loved her no matter what she looked like, but ever since she'd been back after closing the gate, he couldn't get enough of her curly locks.

El on the other hand... El was not entirely fond of it. Sure, she loved that her girly curls made her feel more normal than her shaved head, and she *loved* looking through the magazines that Nancy brought her, but her hair was just so... untamable.

Her brown curls seemed to do whatever they wanted to, no matter how much brushing, or how much product she used, nothing would make them stop being frizzy and wild. In the summer heat of Hawkins, Indiana, she felt they were heavy on her forehead and neck, and as much as she loved growing into her feminine look, she wanted to chop them all off again.

Mike had always been so in tune with El and how she was feeling, the two of them had some strange connection, they could speak without words, so of course on that hot day in July 1985, he could tell she was upset.

She kept pushing the same strand out of her eyes, and it kept falling

right back into place. It would be cute if he couldn't tell how frustrated she was getting.

"Hey, El?"

"Yeah?" Her voice was small, he almost wouldn't have heard her if the basement wasn't as quiet as it was.

"You're beautiful." His comment made her smile, but he could tell that she was still quite upset. "Wait here, I'll be right back."

He felt his idea was just short of genius. Of course, he had two sisters that both had to deal with their own long hair, he was sure Nancy and Holly wouldn't mind if he borrowed some of their stuff.

Mike came back down into the basement with a small box. She looked at him quizzically, but the smile on his face made her believe he knew how she was feeling.

"Has Max or Nancy or Mrs. Byers taught you how to pin your hair back?"

El frowned, but shook her head. "No... what's that?"

Mike held up one of the small, delicate clips. It was pink and glittery and shaped like a butterfly. "They're called butterfly clips, Nancy and Holly use them to pin their hair back away from their face when it

gets too hot.”

El’s eyes widened. She’d seen girls in the magazines she read use these, but she never knew how to do it or where to find them.

Mike pulled a chair away from the table and motioned for El to sit. He stood behind the chair, holding up one of the clips. “Um, I’ve seen Nancy do this a million times, it can’t be that hard.”

He raked his fingers through her hair, pulling it back towards him, and El shivered.

“A-are you okay? Did I hurt you?”

El giggled, a pleasant shiver running down her spine, tingling all the way down to her toes. “No, it felt nice.”

Mike blushed, a smile creeping on his face as he did it again. “Nancy has curly hair too, and sometimes my hair goes curly if it’s too humid outside. She says her hair gets too frizzy if she uses a normal brush, so she brushes her hair with just her fingers sometimes.”

El was only half listening as he combed through her locks with his fingers using the gentlest of touches. Sometimes Hopper would pat her hair down when they watched movies together, but *nothing* felt like this. The pleasant shivers continued to run down her spine, and she felt her face get hot as he brushed past her ears.

Mike huffed out a breath and bit his lip determinedly as he sectioned off a few strands of hair near her part. He twisted the strand backwards, and secured it with one of the sparkly clips. A smile crept onto his face as he admired his handiwork. *Not too bad!*

He kept going, his fingers continuing to section off her hair and twist it backwards. He worked in silence, hearing El hum contentedly every once and a while, until all her hair had been pulled back away from her face in delicate little twists.

El looked back at Mike with curious eyes when his hands finally moved away from her hair. He smiled so wide, his cheeks hurt.

“Pretty?”

“*Beautiful.*” Mike took El by the hand and lead her into the small bathroom down the hall. She gasped, looking at herself in the mirror.

She touched the delicate twists with light fingers. It wasn’t perfect by any means, but she loved the style, and she loved that Mike did it for her.

Mike wrung his fingers together nervously. “So... what do you think?”

“I love it!” She said excitedly, reaching behind her, grabbing his

hands and pulling them around her waist, making him blush. "Thank you."

He leaned down and kissed her cheek quickly. "You're welcome."

When Hopper came to pick El up later that day, she was planted firmly behind Mike, pulling his hair back into delicate little twists and securing them with butterfly clips.

Hopper smiled, the boy's hair matching his girlfriend's, only his was shorter. "Having fun kiddo?"

She smiled and nodded, clipping the last bit of hair with the sparkly clip. "Done!"

Mike smiled and touched his hair. "Thanks El."

She kissed his cheek and ran over to Hopper. "Bye Mike!"

Nancy came down the stairs, hearing the door close behind Hopper, and took a look at her brother. "Aww you look so pretty!"

"Shut up." He frowned, but his voice was light.

“You’re super whipped, aren’t you?”

“Yup, I don’t even care.”